FACTS and FANCIES

BY

HIMSELF

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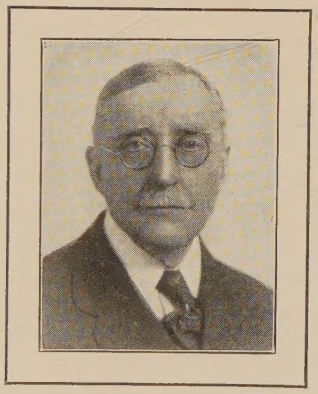

HIMSELF

1920

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To her, a real oasis

In the desert of my life,

Who brought to me salvation

As a loyal, loving wife;

In these days of sparkling sunshine

On the bank of life's pure brook,

To my dear life companion

I do dedicate this book.

WRITTEN BY AND READ AT BANQUET
BY LOUIS R. PRINCE

SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1919

Just Fifty years ago this day
This well known R. J. Prince
Then started out selling shoes—
He has made some record since.

The tanks and high grass villages;
Small towns—the very worst;
A trunk of samples—the gift of gab
Was all he had at first.

He seldom rode a decent train;
He went by stage and freight—
Stopped at all the poor hotels—
Ate off the pewter plates.

For twenty years he traveled east,
Then to the Pacific's brink
He toured the whole Pacific coast—
He discovered it, I think.

Think of all the miles he's been,—
All the drinks he's taken,
The tons and tons of shoes he's sold—
And all the dice he's shaken.

He tackled every game of chance
With five, or ten, or twenty,
He borrowed money—loaned it too
Been broke, then had plenty.

Back and forth he crossed the land,
Traveled a million miles—
Was welcome everywhere he went;
Always met with smiles.

WRITTEN BY AND READ AT BANQUET

Men may make their names renowned
In other ways than this,
But very seldom will you find,
A record such as his.

Think what all these years have meant;
How many trunks he's packed;
How many bills of shoes he's sold—
How many miles he's tracked.

I think you all will wish, with me,
That on the job he'll stay.
That the day when he must quit
Is many years away.

So let us all extend to him
Congratulations, here—
And rising, drink success to him
In honor of his fiftieth year.

THE DRUMMER MAN

AS SUNG AT THE BANQUET—SEPT. 2nd, 1919

You want to look out for The Drummer Man
He'll sell you shoes, both black and tan
He'll buy cigars, and dinners, too
And then He's sure to capture you.

He's a foxy cuss, the Drummer Man
He'll talk till you need a palm leaf fan
He'll show you everything that's new
Then maybe shed a tear or two.

More than likely, then, than not
You buy from him a carload lot;
Soon the big bill all comes due,
In walks a lawyer—maybe two.

Then there you are—busted flat;
Nothing left, but an old straw hat;
You get to be a regular bum
Misfortune on you weighs a ton.

While all old friends pass you by
The Sample Man is flying high,
It's then he travels, near and far
In state room on a Pullman car.
You will find yourself both goat and lamb
If you don't look out for the Drummer Man.

TOAST TO A TRAVELING MAN'S WIFE

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Now, Boys, fill up your glasses with good old red wine,
I've drunk to your toasts, now you drink to mine;
Join in this health, as I arise to a theme
As aspiring as love and as bright as a dream.
With the cup of devotion—the vintage of life
I drink to that Angel!—A traveling Man's Wife.

Yes, I drink to the Woman whose lot 'tis to wait
For the sound of a footfall, for a train that is late
Who nestles beside him and sweetly beguiles
His care burdened thoughts with caresses and smiles,
Who fervently prays as she kneels down to pack
With tear brimming eye lids, the Drummer's grip sack,

TOAST TO A TRAVELING MAN'S WIFE

That the Lord will watch over his wandering feet;
Then bids him good speed, with a face bravely sweet;
And as thru the shadow his form disappears
Gives way to her sorrows in pitiful tears.

Anxiety, born of a sweet loyal life
Gives a careworn look to a traveling man's wife;
But her voice grows sweeter along with the years,
Her face grows brighter 'mid showers of tears,
And the woman is dearer by far to our heart
Than the maiden that faltered, " 'till death do us part."

They say there's a court in a realm of light
Where the wrongs of this world are forever made right
May the Woman whose life has brightened my home
Receive there reward, second to none,—
This is my toast and the prayer of a life
That forever is pledged to a *traveling man's wife.*

HE KNEW

One bitter cold and stormy night
On a windy corner street,
Stood, Salvation Army singers
In snow around their feet,

A crowd was rushing past them
Dressed in furs and coats, complete
But a little gang of listeners
Stood near upon the street.

You couldn't help but feel a thrill
For that wonder army, then,
As you remembered what they did
For our million fighting men.

One by one the gang there gathered
Threw coins upon the drum,
Then rushed off quick for shelter
As fast as they could run.

But, one man stood, and staid there,
'Till the songs and prayers were thru,
In his uniform—a doughboy,
And he staid because he knew.

He staid because 'twas he that knew,
(And his knowledge came first hand)
Of help that he and comrades had—
From Salvation Army Band.

Then he emptied out his pockets
On the head of their old drum,
And said, "you're mighty welcome, Folks
I wish I could give a ton,"

"You don't know me," he softly said,
"But I claim a soldier's right
To show appreciation, here,
For the way you helped us fight."

FOILED

A Man made love to a glove counter Girl
And went there to trade every day,
She wanted to shake him, so she quit the store job
—She knew of no other good way.

She next procured work at a manicure shop
And there the Villain pursued her;
Twice every day he would get his nails cleaned:
—Each visit he made himself ruder.

So in great indignation, she shifted again
With her brain in a whirl and a tempest
But where she now is she is perfectly safe;
She has taken a job with a dentist.

NO

She believes each word he tells her
And he talks to her a lot—
You ask me are they married?
And my answer is—*sure not.*

DON'T WORRY

There's a town called, Don't-You-Worry
On the banks of the River Smile,
Where all the Folks are happy
And are singing all the while.

There's just one road that leads there,
It's an easy one to find;
It's paved with all life's blessings
And contentment of the mind.

In that town called, Don't-You-Worry
You can get a long life lease,
To live there in the sunshine
And enjoy a Heavenly Peace.

Go there, and try one winter,
Or in spring and stay 'til fall;
It's the most delightful climate,
With plenty of room for all.

DON'T WORRY

Unload your mind of burdens
And stay there, all the while
In the town called, Don't-You-Worry
On the banks of the River Smile.

SLIM AND STOUT HOPE

"SLIM HOPE FOR SUFFRAGE:"
Was the headline that I read—
And so do many thousands of the STOUT;
Let's place that crown upon her—
Let her wear that cloak of honor —
She'll have a little less to worry 'bout.

A REAL MOTHER

On our farm there was a hen
Who showed she'd like to set
And so we fixed her up all right
Out of the cold and wet.

For eighteen days she held the job
In a steady quiet way
And then without a kick or cluck
She calmly walked away.

We felt she must be on "a strike"
But why we could not see,
Yet well we knew if she "Staid out"
No Mother she could be.

We thought she may have counted wrong
The reason she quit, flat
But darn the luck, don't you see
We could not tell her that.

A REAL MOTHER

Straightway we found another hen
That showed parental trait,
And quick she dropped upon the eggs
Before it was too late.

That dear old patient biddy
Was a jolly lucky find,
For she settled down so nicely
For the twenty-one day grind.

We could see that she meant business
Cared not for picture show,
And she never moved a feather
When she heard a rooster crow.

What the other hens were doing
Perhaps was in her mind,
As she set there with hen patience
An honor to her kind.

One morning three days later,
You can likely guess the rest,
Right under biddy's feathers
There were movements in the nest.

If ever a hen was rattled
That was the one—I'll swear,
From every egg beneath her
A chick was showing, there,

So great was her surprise,
That she nearly had a fit,
But on the job she lingered
With energy and grit.

Until before the close of day
She had her task well done,
And all the little chicken brood
Were basking in the sun.

Then how that bid did strut about,
In pompous peacock ways,
And acted just as though she knew
She had done it in three days.

Dear Reader, from this story, true
Let we a moral find,
That we can profit if we use
What others leave behind.

(?)

We don't know where our Bryan
Mr. William Jennings B.
Ever caught the title
Of a regular L. L. D.

He's often mentioned as the Doc.
But I never heard the news
That he would write prescriptions
For a horn or two of booze.

HOTEL LIFE

When you're inside a hotel door
You're told the cheapest room, is four;
If one you want with light and air
You must pay six, if you sleep there.

You feel you want one with a bath,
A small one costs you, eight and half,
Then the bellhop grabs your grip
—To him you hand a two bit tip.

The porter who takes up your trunk
Must get from you, a good round "plunk;"
The chambermaid who dusts your shelf
Must each day, have, a tip herself.

If at the table you would sup
You're charged for what is called, "set up."
It's you, the menu prices, jar,
Below are some of what they are,

HOTEL LIFE

Soups and clam broth—fifty cents,
Steaks and chops, two hundred pence,
One baked potato—extra small
Costs forty cents—that is all.

If you should want a course of fish,
Or Lobster Newburg—chafing dish,
The price each costs, will equal you
The yearly rent of your church pew.

A dose of string or lima beans
Costs far beyond your moderate means,
A safety razor cuts cold meat,
At dollar a slice, if you would eat.

For any salad, or mixed grill
You pay a dollar—then some, still,
The price of pudding or mince pie
Shocks you 'til you nearly die.

HOTEL LIFE

When the waiter brings your change,
He never will get out of range
Until you hand him ten per cent
Of what you pay for food and rent.

The hungry hat boy must have his,
You take no note of what it is,
If you take a look at the office clock
You must put a tip in the bellboy's sock,

The day you wish to go away,
The cashier hands you,—bill to pay,
You're charged for pressing—Auto hire,
—If you object, you're called a liar.

Then you escape, past doorman's stand,
By putting coin in his outstretched hand
—If you ever expect to save a cent,
Stay right at home and pay your rent.

THE OLD DAYS

I often sigh for the good old days
When I look with awe-struck, wondering gaze
At the new hotels on every hand,
The finest they say in any land,
With marble lobbies in white and gold;
'Twas not like that in days of old.

We didn't have the "fox trot" then,
And your lunch would cost you less than ten;
The dining room was a place to eat,
And not a burlesque show, complete,
Ham and eggs were ham and eggs,
Chicken legs were chicken legs.

THE OLD DAYS

The bed room was a place to sleep,
And not like palace of a sheik,
With Oriental rugs and litter
Enough to make an ordinary critter
Feel he'd pay an extra bone
To find a place that's more like home.

The buildings then were not so high,
You didn't sleep so near the sky
And wonder where the H--l you'd be
If fire broke out at half past three.
The lobby chairs were soft and black
And not designed to break your back.

There were no pages calling names,
No pompous thinly dressed young dames,
Strutting around and looking wise,
Or smiling on us traveling guys.
That's why I always long to stay
At some small house that's far away:

Out of the bright lights and noisy maze,
Like it used to be in the good old days.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

BY MRS. PRINCE

If you drop a dish that busts complete
You'll have corns and bunions on your feet.

If you drop a spoon, that stands up straight
You'll miss a train—if it's not late.

Step over a knife that's on the floor
Trouble will come in, through your door.

A dish rag dropped upon the floor
Means company coming—six or more.

If a drop of milk you should spill
Next mail will bring the grocer's bill.

If the pot don't boil, just when it should
Tomorrow you'll be out of wood.

When you find your dish pan leaks
You'll have the mumps within two weeks.

If a barn yard chick gets in the house
Watch out, watch out, you'll see a mouse.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If the cat sits on the kitchen chairs
You're sure next day to fall down stairs.

To spill the salt is awful luck,
The frost will spoil the garden truck.

If you stay in bed an extra hour
Ten jars of fruit are sure to sour.

When your hands are in the dough,
It's then the door bell rings—you know.

If you scour the floor with soap and sand
That means a lame back, just at hand.

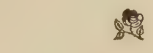
If Monday you don't do your wash
Next day, you'll wish you had—by gosh.

If you lay a spoon beside a fork,
That means the coming of the stork.

If you drop a broom upon the floor
—Bad luck to you, forevermore.

A PLEASURE TRIP

I recently made a long pleasure trip
To get some change and some rest,
Traveled extensively—
Also expensively—
All I brought home was my coat, pants and vest.
The porters and waiters took all of the
change
And the the hotels got the *rest.*



HARD ENOUGH

Little Willie heard Pa say
It's wooden shoes for us,
Then he nearly had a fit
And made an awful fuss.

Don't do that,—please, he said
For Daddy don't you see
Ma's slipper when she uses it
Is hard enough for me.

CAN'T WORK

A negro with an injured head
Called a doctor out of bed
To treat the cuts and stop the flow
Of blood he found from head to toe.

"Oh yes, I see," the doctor said,
"You're slashed again around the head;
It's an hour's work on you right here,
And seems to me you've lost an ear."

"If you don't quit that wife of yours
It's me that's thru these frequent chores;"
And then poor Rastus sobbed, and cried
"Dat's right Doc,—I done have tried."

"I'd git 'devose' sure, so ah would
If had 'nuff' money, so ah could,
But can't do work, you see, nowhere
When always under you doctor's care."

FRIENDS

I have no dream of riches, vast
Don't seek world's lasting fame
Nor do I ask when life has passed
That *many* know my name.

I may not have the skill to rise
To glory's topmost height
Or win a place among the wise
But I *can* do the right.

I want to live my life on earth
Contented to the end,
So just a few shall know my worth
And wish to call me friend.

AT HOME

She is pretty as a picture
Is a little blue eyed girl—
Yet—She's not a girl —
She's a Mother.

She is married to a man
Who's a king among men—
Yet—He's not a king—
He's her lover.

They live among the wealthy
In a palace that is grand—
Yet—it's not a palace—
It's a home.

They do not crave excitement
Or seek society joy—
Yet—find a perfect joy—
When alone.

AT HOME

Their house is full of servants
Where she's commander chief—
Yet—she needs no judgment—
But her own.

He's a man of large affairs
At the bank and at the club, —
Yet—his real club comforts—
Are at home.

IF ANY KICK

Jack up the rents the landlord said
To his down-town agent man,
There'll be no trouble
To get just double,
I will get it—for I can.

Make no repairs for any one,
Refuse to paint or clean;
If any kick
Eject them quick,—
My tenants can't be mean.

GREETINGS TO OLD FRIENDS

I want to be the kind of friend that you have
been to me.
I'd like to be the help that you've been always
glad to be,
I want to mean as much to you, each minute of
the day
As you have meant, old friends of mine, to me
along life's way.

I want to do some big things and some splen-
did things for you,
To brush all gray from out your skies and leave
them only blue,
I want to say to you the things that I so oft
have heard —
By words you gave me courage and my very
soul you stirred.

GREETINGS TO OLD FRIENDS

I wish that I might tell you how much joy
you've given me,
In days and years that are past and again can
never be,
I'd like to make you feel as rich as I who travel
on,
With courage in the darkest hours with you to
lean upon.

I'm wishing in my seventieth year that I could
but repay
Some portion of the sunshine that you've shed
along my way,
If I could have my wish this year, this only
would it be;
I want to be the kind of friend that you have
been to me.

GAMBLER DAN

I once well knew, a gambler man
Known by his friends as honest Dan
For twenty years he was my friend
When cash I needed, he would lend.

For twenty years I knew that he
Was pure in heart as man should be,
And from his lips I never heard
A foul mouth yarn or profane word.

In public places, here and there
You've Seen the sign that says, "beware,"
For what it means I do not care,
For my friend Dan was on the square.

Largely from his nightly win
Ill gotten, tho it might have been,
He often bought the kiddies toys
And shod his neighbor's shoeless boys.

GAMBLER DAN

Many a needy crippled man
Is wearing clothes paid for by Dan,
In every church fair—charity dance
We always knew he'd "take a chance."

I've seen him go with flowers rare
To humble homes when death lurked there,
Then come away with tear stained face
And hurry along to the gambling place.

On holidays I've seen him buy
Cooked chickens, ducks and hot mince pie,
Then rush away with a knowing grin
To some poor family known to him.

For years I knew and others saw
That behind closed doors he broke the law.
Yet, deacon, layman, preacher man;
All loved my friend, the gambler man.

GAMBLER DAN

He scattered joy where there was gloom
And in his heart there was no room
To plan mean tricks, by hook or crook,
His life was like an open book.

Last week he cashed his last white chips
With a Heavenly smile upon his lips,
'Twas thus my friend—Gambler Dan
Had lived and died an honest man.

As I look back on that man's life
Made pleasant, not by child or wife,
—His conscience as his only guide,—
It's him, I now revere with pride.

Today his will by the lawyer read,
Set forth in simple language, said,
"I hereby give all I possess
To worthy neighbors in distress."

When he stood at the Pearly gate
Am sure he did not need to wait;
St. Peter smiled and said to him,
"This may seem strange—but, Come On In."

OUR CHANCE

So long as you and I are here
There'll be tasks for us to do,
Ways for us to show our worth
In tackling problems new,
We may dream of mighty deeds
That were never done before,
But what will be our record
When we add the final score.

IN THE DARK

TIME

Nearly midnight
Gloom was deep
Man and Wife
Fast asleep.

PLACE

A tunnel deep,
Two miles long
Filled with smoke
Very strong.

SCENE

Pullman car
Stateroom space
Lady frightened
Smoke in place

IN THE DARK

ACTION

Wife rushed out
In robe—denuit
Screaming wildly—
Awful fright.

To colored porter
Quick she flew
Shocking! Shocking!
Yet, quite true.

She a bride
Modest, meek,
Had new name
Just a week.

Roosevelt said
Colored man
Was soldier brave
Black or tan.

But porter George
Beat retreat
When Burnie charged
In naked feet.

Had midnight owl
Been there to see—
I can't tell more—
Mercy me.

Since that night
It's come to pass
No more tunnels
Filled with gas.

AS YOU SEE IT

It was one to tie, and two to win
When the home club went to bat;
The first to face their pitchers curves
Was our Catcher—no hit Pat.

Patrick was a swell back stop
And he could throw the ball
But four weak hits were all he'd made
Since joining us last fall.

But wait a minute—think of that
He worked the pitcher fine
To throw him four bad ones
Then trotted down the line.

A man on first and no one out;
There's a chance to win her yet—
The Pitcher's up—he sometimes hits
And then it goes, you bet.

AS YOU SEE IT

On first ball pitched, he laced one out,
It sure looked like a hit
Until the pill had settled
In the Second baseman's mit

Oh well, we say, that's only one,
Now comes our bunter, Strong
Who laid a beauty on the grass
That slowly hopped along.

"Ha! Ha!" we yell, both men are safe,
The thousands scream and shout;
Then a lightning throw to second,
And the umpire says—"That's out."

It's then you sigh and hang your head
And yell—You're a busher lot—
No more for me I tell you that,
This ball game's gone to pot.

AS YOU SEE IT

Two men gone and one on first—
The next man takes his place,
There he stands and takes, two strikes—
Terror showing on his face.

We all stand up and say—"Let's go."
You see it's over now,—
"If I come here again this year
Just feed me to a cow."

Their pitcher takes a mighty swing
Then shoots one straight and true,
Old Bill strikes out—is how you feel,
For him, that's nothing new.

Then comes the crack of Old Bill's bat
That pigskin takes a ride,
Over the fence, out of sight;
That's *Victory* for our side.

AS YOU SEE IT

Do you go home with kick and grouch?
Oh no—you dance and shout:
That game was ours, all the time,
I never had a doubt.

HE HAS ENOUGH

There's a law in all our states
That locks a man up tight
If he should have a flock of wives,
And perhaps that law is right.

But if a mother, each wife had,
That law is pretty tough,
For more chastising he don't need;
Each day he'd have enough.

UP THERE

A young American husky boy,
Went to the fields of France
There to fight for his country's cause,—
To take a soldier's chance.

He lived with the rats in the trenches, there
He was wet and cold, but he did not care.

In the days before the gas masks came
By the deadly stuff he was nearly slain.

He was nights in the shell holes—"over there"
Exposed by the light of the star shell's glare,

But he fought along with a lion's grit—
Reported for duty when far from fit.

He wanted to stay to be in at "the win"
But there came the day, when he couldn't "fall in."

UP THERE

In a pullman car, just one month later
Lay the outstretched form of the oversea's fighter.

The train was climbing the great divide
From Denver west to the Salt Lake side.

It was near the close of a summer day
To home on the coast, he was on his way.

As the train neared the top where the air was light
The soul of our Hero there took its flight.

His Mother was waiting, near the Golden Gate;
The train was on time—but the Boy was too late.

It's her comfort now, in her grief and care
Her son has reported for duty, "Up There."

WORK

Who does his task from day to day
And grasps whatever comes his way
Believing fate has willed it so
Deserves real honor here below.

Who holds his job, no matter where
Feeling that he's needed there,
Although but lowly toil it be,
Deserves great praise from you and me.

For man and boy there's but one test,
It's that each one shall do his best.
Who works with all the strength he can,
Should never die in debt to man.

All this sounds well, perhaps you say
But can you find a better way
To gain real honor for yourself
And thus add to the nation's wealth.

WANTED—THE REAL KICK

We all should love the army mule
And all his frisky ways
We all should love the man that, "fills"
And beats our own "three treys"
For anything that has a kick
Is popular now a days.

We all should love the profit tax
That gets us many ways;
Then should we love the landlord
That institutes a raise?
For anything that has a kick
Is popular now a days.

We all should love the homemade brew
That's made in various ways;
Love the man who has a flask
For him there's only praise;
For anything that has a kick
Is popular now a days.

THE OLD PULLMAN

You poor old battered Pullman car
What a blessing you have been;
You've housed dear mothers and their babes,
You have rested tired men.

You have carried many a happy heart
And many a sad one too,
Many an old year you've watched out
Then ran into the new.

Within your faded dingy walls
You've carried a mighty throng;
Each night and day, you did your best
As you were dragged along.

THE OLD PULLMAN

Beneath your cinder scarred old roof
You have sheltered grooms and brides;
But who of all such happy guests
Have thanked you for their rides.

While with your wheels, both night and day
You have said to her inside
Good luck, Good luck, Good luck—
Good luck you happy bride.

Faithful, patient, dear old car
You have done your duty well,
If you could only talk to us
What history you could tell.

Those there are who have the wealth
Of earnings you have made;
Now bent and battered as you are
Away you must be laid.

THE OLD PULLMAN

You've been bumped and rudely tossed about,
You have faced the heat and blast,
You've done much good in your long life—
Your end has come at last.

Your mission now is ended here,
And your busy life work done;
Three cheers for you, Old Pullman,
A gallant race you've run.

There's one more trip you will make
To the scrap heap you must go;
Your life's the mirror of our own,
For nature's law says so.

THE PLOUGH BOY

Before our warring days had come
And our youth were called to arms,
The strength of our great nation
Was the plow boy on the farms.

It was there they were creators
And they added much to wealth
As they lived their life, respected,
And enjoyed the best of health.

But now that they are back with us
They seek the farm no more
But they loaf—or work in cities
In the office, or the store.

THE PLOUGH BOY

They were patriotic youngsters,—
Flinched not at duties' call,
And we hail them all as heroes,
Yes, as heroes, one and all.

They saved America's honor, once,
They can save us all again,
If they leave the store to weaklings
And go back as farmer men.

For we all well know, production
Is needed more than gold,
And it's you the Mighty Doughboy,
That can now, *save all the world.*

DO AND DON'T

All crooked games of chance I spurn;
I want to save what I earn,
For long and quiet life I yearn—
I'm Married.

I never stoop to chat or flirt
With waiter girls—I assert;
I am a man, both still and curt,
I'm Married.

I keep away from Caberet
And thus to young, I loudly say
I don't go there, I stay away,
I'm Married.

I want to stay at home, at night
And shun all kinds of boxing fight,
Where each man slugs with all his might,
No, I Don't.

DAY DREAMS

We often have the day time dreams
When our thoughts take us away
From all the scenes of busy life
And hold us in their sway.

At times we dream of what's to be,
Then dream of years that's past,
But things that were, grow fainter
In our mind, this year, than last.

In dreaming, let us not forget
Our blessings here, that are,
And thereby gain thru thankfulness
The best in life, by far.

It's better, much we look ahead
And dream of what's to be
That all the future years may bring
More joy to you and me.

TO BURNIE

AUGUST SECOND, 1920

This is our wooden wedding day
And how the years have slipped away
Since we were joined by parson man
To live in love—as lovers can,

Surrounded by our kith and kin
We started out, life's joys to win;
We had best wishes from each friend
For happy real life, to the end.

Now, how I bless that August day
When as my wife you came to stay,
And looking forward, let's begin
Our plans to celebrate the *tin.*

My title gained, to *have and hold*—
Worth more to me than wealth or gold—
Shows plain that in companion days
We learn the lesson—*marriage pays.*

THE STRIKE

The world is now somewhat upset
And nothing seems quite right,
But all great troubles you forget
When your stomach's on a strike.

You know about the great unrest
No Nation's seen the like:
But you don't care a fig for that—
For your stomach's on a strike.

You're rough, and tough, and swear a streak
At your wife and Brother Mike,
Then pick a fight with neighbors,
When your stomach's on a strike.

You're not a wicked Cuss at heart,
Your fellow man you like—
—Yet a Dr. Jekyll—Mr. Hyde
When your stomach's on a strike.

BILL'S LESSON

Bill was a red-hot Socialist
And as such he was always broke,
So he never was taken Serious,
But more as a life-size joke.

Yet he talked for days how the rich should split
Their rolls with the poor, and he
Just made us laugh with strange ideas
—He'd nothing to split, you see.

Ike never spoke a word at all
Until one night he rose—
"I'll try your scheme," said he, "I will,
To see if the blamed thing goes."

He drew a roll that would choke a mule
And he counted it out in sight,
Then he gave two hundred bones to Bill
And he said, "You'll find that right."

"It's half of mine and we'll meet again
To see how your scheme works out,
Now it's up to you to prove to me
You're right, without a doubt."

Then someone started a poker game,
And Bill and Ike "set in,"
Each had two hundred for a start,
Each man was bound to win.

They played all night without much loss
For the game was on the square,
Ike still clung to half the roll
And Bill still had "his share."

A jack-pot then was opened up,
Ike had four hearts to start,
And Bill had Annie, May and Maud,
When Ike drew in a heart.

Now Bill was looking for a bluff
And didn't see the draw,
He only knew he had three Queens
A resting in his paw.

They looked to him, mighty good,
So he up and raised the pot,
And then when Ike tilted him
We knew the game was hot.

Bill backed the three typewriters
For his socialistic share
And Ike just took the money,
For his flush was on the square.

"I'm broke," says Bill—"You are?" says Ike.
"That roll I gave to you
Has drifted back into my mit,
Just as I thought 'twould do."

"You see your Socialistic scheme
Ain't all it's cracked to be,
For you can't stick to money,
But the Cash comes back to me."

And here permit me to remark
That good men always git
The money in a day or two,
No matter how it's split.

INDIAN BEN

He lives on the shores of the Behring seas
Where the totum poles are thick as trees,
He's a little man, quite thin and bent,—
The clothes he wears are sadly rent.

He's just an Indian—dirty and old—
With Indian expresion, blank and cold;
He cannot talk, yet you understand
He wants a coin in his outstretched hand.

He's in the town on Sitka bay,
Where he was born, no man can say,
He's known up there as Indian Ben,
His age it's thought—a hundred and ten.

INDIAN BEN

There are men up there who seem to think
He's the last of a tribe that's now extinct,
He could not speak, yet his eye was bright
Showing his mind was clear and right.

I wondered there, as he toddled away
Just who and what he was, some day;
What were his thoughts, what did he know,
Of the early days 'mid the ice and snow.

With wrinkled face—with hair most gone,
He was altogether, a sight forlorn,
If that human's history we could obtain
In our active minds it would long remain.

We left him there—just as we found,
Awaiting the trip to his *Hunting Ground.*

MY BUSINESS

It's an easy job, this drumming,
If you choose to make it so,
You never need to suffer
If you'll work as best you know,
If you'll meet upon the level
And will do the best you can
You will never lack the favor
Of the business fellow man.

It's an easy road to travel
If you'll only walk it straight,
There are always some to help you
If you're downed by adverse fate;
If the clouds begin to gather
And your hopes begin to fade
If you've played the game with honor
You won't need to call for aid.

MY BUSINESS

It's an easy job, this drumming
Yet, one thing you need to do
Is be honest and be proper
Then success will come to you,
With your conscience as your guide
And your eye upon the gun
You will bring back home the bacon
As reward for duty done.

LET'S ASSIST

If Each will work for real creation
And always strive to do his best;
We will be a prosperous people
And a strong and powerful Nation.

If We'd win much fame or favor
For our Country or ourselves,
Let's keep busy at our knitting,
And give a lift to every neighbor.

Let our watchword be—assist,
Do not let yourself obstruct,
Join the optimistic boomers,
Have your name put on their list.

Let us one and all determine
To be happy as we can
Avoid vain strife—forget the Germans—
Each one help the other man.

LOOK BEHIND US

There's some satisfaction knowing
When we are on the track
That we do not get the dust
Of the man that's somewhere back.

Tho we may be far from leading,
Some one in front will win
And gain the prize we started for
Amid applause and din.

But, what of that, we ran our race,
Each step we did our best,
And every talent we possessed
Was put to fullest test.

If every talent we possess
Combined with strength and health
Don't win for us the lion's share
Of honor and of wealth

LOOK BEHIND US

Let's turn and look behind us
At the wan and tired men
And if we're not now thankful
I think we will be then.

THE MUZZLE-PUZZLE

I lately told my wife, her dog must have a muzzle,
For what a dog might do, was always quite a puzzle,
Then she up and told me flatly, she'd do nothing of the kind,
For well she knew her business and my own I better mind.
Right then came up the question and my mind was in a fog,
As to who best wear the muzzle, My Mrs. or the dog.

A TELEGRAM

The husband's face grew deadly pale
As the telegram he read,
"Oh come to me at once, for I
Am dying"—thus it said.

He never paused to lock the safe,
So great was his distress,
But dashed away in frantic haste
To catch the first express.

At last he reached the watering place
And rushed to the hotel
Where he the week before had left
His Dear wife, strong and well.

A TELEGRAM

Amazement! there she sat, attired
In fashions latest style
The rose of health upon her cheek
Upon her lips, a smile.

"What do you mean" he quickly gasped
"I feared that you were dead."
"Oh no, but I was dying just
To see you"—so she said.

"Then why did you not write it so?"
"Because you said, dear Ben
In writing, use but just ten words
And so I *stopped* at ten."

WHY NOT

I need not fret or fuss when the market goes to pot
For of all the Wall Street stocks, never a one I've got
No banker ever sends for me to fix my over draft,
And I can know the quiet of a fisherman on a raft.
I do not drink and so because the stock of booze is short
No one can ever sting me for twenty-five a quart,
Some are troubled half to death by worries I know not,
And why should I, or any man envy them their lot.
I have no cares that many have to make them often sad,
And for all my daily blessings, I am thankful and I'm glad,
So, should not we, you and I, go smiling on our way
And combine each passing hour into—a perfect day.

THE TWO WAYS

Men may come and men may go,
But the prim old maid remains, just so,
She primps and frizzles, has smirk and smile
But marrying men don't like her style.

She dreams of bliss all hours of night,
But the wind don't come to "fly her kite"
The more she reads in her tea cup
The more she feels that she's "gone up."

But the widow lady—what of her;
She lives along and makes no stir,
You see her calmly passing by
Contentment, in her placid eye.

She baits no hook—
She casts no fly—
She never smirks,
Or heaves a sigh,

THE TWO WAYS

She wears no red,
She wears no pink,
From outward show,
You'd never think

Her mind was on the one main chance—
That's why she's chosen for the dance.

She hangs no sign
"I want a man
No matter if he's
Black or tan."
She plays the game
Both smooth and neat
And soon she has
One at her feet.

Now maidens dear, both young and old,
If your stock in trade has not been sold,
Follow the widow who knows her "biz."
It's good advice—*I'll say it is.*

I SHOUT IT OUT TO YOU

If I were fixed with shiners
As some other people are,
Would I take life real easy
And not travel very far?
Would I hang around some city
And gossip all the day
And then spend all my earnings
At the game I like to play?

Would I dislike to hustle
From the Factory to the town
And think it was quite proper
That I should settle down?
If so I say to riches
Just do not come my way,
But leave me in possession
Of my joys of every day.

I SHOUT IT OUT TO YOU

Men may brag how much they know
And boast of what they do,
But mine's the greatest job on earth—
I shout it out to you,
Of course there'll come the morning
When I fail to hear "the call,"
But I want to die in harness
Some spring time, or some fall.

THEY SPLIT THE PURSE

Two Irishmen were fighting
Stripped down to pants and shirt;
For the prize they were contending
Was what is called—*a skirt.*

She was tall and lean and lanky
With hair puffs on her ears,
She wore the thinnest stockings
That one has seen in years.

Her dress was like a pant leg,
In length just to her knee;
As she shambled down the alley
That the scrapping she might see.

Of all the living skeletons
This one was it, for fair,
With paint and powder plastered
From her breast-bone to her hair.

THEY SPLIT THE PURSE

As a fight, that was some contest,
No Queensbury rules prevailed;
Tim Donovan was born in Cork;
From Dublin, Mike Welch came.

'Twas one continued slugging,
No time keep held a watch,
While neither was a Corbett
Both had the strength of Gotch.

Down went Tim from a mighty slug
That seemed a sort of swing;
Then Mike lay flat upon his back
While he heard the birdies sing.

With noses flattened on each face;
With four eyes closed complete;
Their wind gave out to that extent
They could not keep their feet.

Then Mike crawled near to where Tim lay
And said with a whispered curse,
"It's me that thinks the fight's a draw,
We better—*split the purse.*"

THE APPLE

He thought he was an artist,
His name was Rohlhoff Cotton
He spent months painting a life size picture of a Hood River apple, when he put it on exhibition at a county fair
The critics said 'twas rotten.

MY CHOICE

I rather be the writer
Of lines of foolish verse
Than be a regular driver
Of an undertaker's hearse.

For perchance my feeble efforts
Might make you glad—or mad,
While every time I drove the hearse
I'd make the mourners sad.

I rather be the drummer
Selling wares upon the road
Than be the man at home
Who carries all the load.

For I can flourish here and there
Spend money, like a knave,
While "Boss" at home works overtime
That he a cent can save.

I'd rather be the fisherman
That comes home with empty bag
Than be the cuss that lies to you
Loaded down with brag.

JUNE—1920

You can't bring home the bacon
If there is no bacon there.
You cannot win at billiards
Unless you use some care.
You cannot catch the fishes
When the fishes will not bite,
Even though you are an expert
And the bait you use is right,
You cannot take the card tricks
If you don't have any trumps,
So what's the use to grumble
Or contract a case of grumps.

JUNE—1920

You just can't sell your shoe stock
When the Scared Crows *will not buy,*—
It don't make any difference
If you tell the truth, or lie,
So just keep on a smiling
Is my own advice to *me;*
Yet I know we're nicely cornered
Like a "possum" up a tree,
But just you wait a little
'Till the days in early fall;
Then we'll gather in the orders
When the leaves begin to fall.

1920

There'll be no panic, soon or late
And things won't crack or bust,
For all the banks are loaded
And every man has "dust."
This is a land of plenty
And there's plenty to be had.
If every man will earn and save
He'll be happy and be glad.

The world must be supplied by us
And that we know quite well,
It will want much more from us
Than we shall have to sell.
It may be I am seeing wrong,
For prophets sometimes fail,
But not in your time or in mine
Will we be out of "kale."

For there's going to be no panic,
We are never going to bust,
For we coin the silver dollar
That says—*In God We Trust.*

AFTER G

The infant class in alphabet
Stood 'round the teacher's knee;
Then she said, "Now tell me,
What comes after G?"
"Wait," said Tommy Tucker
"I'll tell you what it is,
That's very easy, teacher
I heard you say it—*Whiz.*"

A WISE JUDGE

Mr. and Mrs. William Fay
Were married in the month of May,
They bought a house on Half Moon Bay
And then went there to live and stay.

But soon alas, there came a day
When they found love had flown away,
Because, I now regret to say
Each wanted, His or Her own way.

Then each one to the court did fly
With heads erect and stepping high,
Each begged the Judge to quick untie
The awful thing that spelled a lie.

A WISE JUDGE

The Judge then asked, which one's to blame
That this sweet lady changed her name;
To me, he said, you look quite sane:
—I'll enter not into your game.

You know there's sunshine, and there's rain
You know there's sickness and there's pain.
Your angry words—please restrain,
And don't come here to me again.

Don't either of you be a fool,
Go straight back home—and let hearts rule;
Be each a lamb and not a mule
And live there by—The Golden Rule."

OUR CHANCE

I see by our morning papers
That some Women of our land
Demand, a salary they should draw;
Like shop or farmer hand.

They claim that husbands all should pay
A daily stated sum
To every wife who lives at home
And works from sun to sun.

If common laborers they would be,
That seems to me quite right,
For then the *"Boss"* would have a chance
To fire them every night.

SHE

Am out in the mountains, near the streams—
This is the place to be,
Away from the shops and picture shows
Under a redwood tree.

Away from the steam and electric cars
Escaped from the waiters tip,
I'm a very happy, busy girl
On my vacation trip.

Killing the trout with rocks and clubs—
Chasing the deer in their pens—
Picking up new laid eggs from the cow
And milking the ducks and hens.

With a million freckles on my face—
When I get back to town
It will take a ton of powder paint
To cover up my brown.

SWEET MUSIC

Let me tell you of some music
That is really hard to beat,
Winter, summer, fall or springtime,
Night or day, 'tis always sweet.

When a buyer says—he needs some
If you'll ship them right away
Then he will take a car load
To be sent the first of May.

So, who wouldn't rather listen
To the sizes big and strong
Than hear the band of Sousa
Or John *McCormack's song.*

HOME BREW

He makes a lot of home brew ale—
Uses raisins, yeast and water;
He knows the law, yet breaks it,
As a mule would break a halter,
He makes five gallons at a time
To show that he can do it;
But soon there'll come the day or night,
When he will sadly rue it.

The gumshoe man will get him, sure
Then the judge will have his say—
"Three years on McNeil's Island
And two thousand cash you pay"
It's then he'll learn the lesson,
That our laws on statutes, found,
Are not put there to be ignored,
On the shores of Puget Sound.

A PERFECT DAY?

When you have chased a town all day
With order book in hand,
And searched the stores, both far and near
And not a pair can land;
When you have found the basements full
And carloads on the way;
It's then you're mad from heels to head
At the end of "a perfect day."

DISAPPOINTMENTS

The hardest things we have to bear
In this old world of grief and care
Are disappointments, great and small
That come to us—Drummers, all,
But when a lively Drummer man
Sends ninety words in telegram
Hoping it will shoot to kill
In his attempt to land a bill—
When word comes back, cold as steel
"We take no interest in your deal."
It's then the kick of government mule
Has nothing on this Drummer Fool.

REAL PEACE

A man must earn his hour of peace
He cannot get it by a lease;
He must pay with hours of strife,
That may extend well thru his life.

A man to win contented soul
Must battle hard to gain his goal;
The Peace he seeks is not near-by
But only reached by years of—try.

The rest he earns as his full share,
He gains with hours of strife and care,
He must fight along, day by day,
And bravely tread a rugged way.

Peace, him rewards who does his best,
The shirker never finds true rest,
No idler knows it,—never can;
Peace is the glory of a *Man*.

LOOKING AHEAD

We won't get back to normal ways
Until we've had some rainy days,
So long as money grows on trees
We'll spend our "chink" with graceful ease.

Who can be prudent while the rest
Are blowing profits—galley west
The thing is "catching" all same flu;
It grips me tight—how 'bout you.

Some day we'll wish we had the coin
We spend for juicy tenderloin,
And thank our stars, if we've the price
Of wholesome liver off the Ice.

I don't know when you'll read these words
But some of us, smart spendthrift "birds"
Will some day live on beans and tripe
And quit cigars for the brier pipe.

CUT THE ROPE

There's a story I remember,
About some joking men
Who lowered Pat Kelly down a well
And there they left him, then.

A line from off a windlass
Was all that held him there—
He cursed and shouted wildly
But the jokers did not care.

Then he yelled in desperation,
"I will not take your joke,
If you don't quickly 'histe' me up
Be Gad I'll cut the rope."

And so it is with labor
When they demand more "soap"
If they don't get a big advance
They're going to *cut the rope*.

(?)

Does the earth catch new diseases
From the flying comets' tails,
Or are they just transmitted
From the air, or thru the mails.

Perhaps they fly and come to us
Directly here, from Mars,
That we may not be lonely
Since the closing of the bars.

Maybe, thru sins of Adam
Or the cussedness of Cain,
Most every kind of sickness
Was here, when first we came.

But every year most lately
There's new poison in our cup,
Till we get so tired dodging
That we're ready to give up.

(?)

There's no use calling doctors
They don't know what to do,
They simply say—you have it—
It's another form of "flu."

STICK TO YOUR GAME

There are days when it seems we can't make speed
Whatever we do goes wrong;
Then when the evening shades appear
We'll sell ourselves for a song.

There's always another day ahead;
So stick to your game and fight;
Whenever the plumb line swings to the left
It has to come back to the right.

SORRY MAN

A husband came home very drunk one night
—He had on a beautiful "edge."
When he found his wife up, waiting for him
He flew in a frantic, wild rage.

He caught the first chair he could lay his hands on,
And smashed it over her head,
Then he bid her good night in a most wicked tone,
And staggered away to his bed.

Next morning he gathered the small pieces up;
Was sorry, disgusted and mad
To think he had been such a miserable cur as
To smash the best chair they had.

A BLANK PAGE (?)

Have you ever stood beside a bed
And heard a child's first cry
When first its lungs were filled with air
God given from on high?

Have you ever looked on a Mother's face
And seen the smile of joy
When first there laid upon her arm
Her infant Girl or Boy?

Do you realize that the Mother went
To the very brink of the grave
That a human being might have life,
—A living soul to save?

If you've never felt a father's pride
Or shared in a mother's glee,
A page is blank in your life's book,
—That's how it seems to me.

WIN THE PRIZE

You are not fairly beat, till you quit.
No matter how hard you are hit.
If you get a hard crack,
Just smile and come back,
And show you are full of real grit.

Fate may slam and bang you around,
But don't let her say you are downed,
Just swing with each hand—
You're likely to land
And win in the very last round.

A fellow's not dead till he dies,
Nor beat till no longer he tries,
Just bob up for more
And even the score
It's thus you can win the big prize.

A ROPE TO PULL

I ply my strength the whole day long
And have since long ago,
And sing each day my loudest song
With all the truth I know.

If I should falter in my zeal
The sheriff would appear,
And promptly put his large red seal
On all my earthly gear.

How does the dirty, rotten bum
Contrive to stay on earth
When we must work and make things hum
To get our board and berth.

When I steal out thru the park
I see the benches full—
At morning, noon or after dark
I want a rope to pull.

THOUGHTS—R. J.

I should not want to pass away
And have my friends stand 'round and say
He never knew what 'twas to fight
For what he felt was just and right.

He never had one thought or care
For age or suffering—here or there,
He never tried to lift with will
To help some neighbors up the hill.

When it shall come my time to go
I want to stand with those who know
Just what it means to live and bear
Life's Common round of grief and care.

To stand with those who carry scars—
When I shall pass beyond the stars
I want is said, if any weep
He's Earned a peaceful, restful, sleep.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

I had a friend, a lovely girl
Whose name was Anna Emma Pearl,
Her father was a pious man
And didn't like me, worth a d--m.

Strict orders had come down from him
"When boys come 'round, don't let them in."
Well I knew, that was meant for me,
And so I staid away—don't you see.

Yet, to and from the school we walked;
Took snail like steps, and talked and talked,
For weeks I followed up that lead
Which seemed a glimpse of *Heaven,* indeed.

At last her dad I did not fear
As I poured honey in her ear,
One day my young love quick took wings;
And it's in youth, we learn some things.

Her Father, mighty man was he,
Stood close behind a big oak tree;
We did not see the great good ? man
As close I walked to lovely Ann.

But I heard the swish of a cowhide whip
And we never made another trip,
All through that term of grammar school
The boys missed me at the swimming pool.

THE WAY IT IS

We bet on all the prize fights, delighted if we win,
Not caring for the sorrow the losing man is in.
We make a mighty killing when the market's
running strong
While the other lamb is losing, who plays the
market wrong.
We make money on the races—don't notice the
despair
Showing on the faces of the losers that are there.
As thru this life we ramble, we might have a
case of blues
To think it's all a gamble and someone has to lose.
While all good luck is with us we do not give a rap
If some poor cuss is busted, It's just the other
chap.
So the fates have fixed it—the hard luck man
"gets his"
We do not try to change it—it's just the way it is.

WAIT AND SEE

You cannot make me just now, think
The world is going to dickens;
The hens are laying every day
And from their eggs come chickens.

You cannot make me just now, think
That life's not worth the living
I'm here to tell you—those who work
Will get results from digging.

I have a job—am feeling strong
My meals taste good to me
We're on the road to wealth and joy
Now, you just wait and see.

WATCH OUT

Why not watch out for things to praise;
Use Common sense and be alert;
You can't believe it ever pays
To magnify the little hurt.

Why turn to look thru every crack
To see what evils lurk behind—
We prize too much the things we lack;
Too often think the world unkind.

With Bouyant hopes and words of cheer
Keep your mind both clear and sound;
There's life ahead—you need not fear,
Where grace and goodness may be found.

AN EVENING THOUGHT

If never a sorrow came to us,
  If never a care we knew,
If all our hopes were realized
  And all our dreams came true,
If all was joy for us on earth
  And no one ever sighed
And not a friend proved false to us
  And not a loved one died
We would not need the mighty test
  That brings a tired soul, real rest.

FALL OF 1920

NO HELP IN SIGHT

We can't do much to change them,—
The politics of state
For most of us are feeble
And our troubles, they are great,
We can't do much to dodge them.
The gods alone may know
Where we can flee for safety;
The path that we should go.

Let's lift our hands in protest,
Against some things, that be
And beg for that, that's better
To come to you and me,
If we can't solve the problems
Let's fight along and wait
Until we find a captain
To steer the ship of state.

BE GRATEFUL

Be grateful for the many friends
That walk thru life with you,
Be grateful for the health you have,
The work you find to do,
For round about you there are those
Less fortunate than you.

There's much each day to gladden us
There's much more good than bad,
So what if trouble comes today
And you with grief are sad,
Be grateful that you can recall
The joys that you have had.

CAN WE

To us who've crossed the summit
And are going down the grade
Toward the peaceful valley
That is cool and in the shade,
Don't there often come the thought
Have we lived just as we should
And in climbing up life's hill
Did we do the best we could?

Did we have in mind the comforts
Of our comrades on the road
Who were loaded with misfortune
And who packed a heavy load?
Did we say to fellow traveler
"Come on—Stick in life's race,
You should never get discouraged
If the dust blows in your face?"

CAN WE

Can we approach the valley
From which we don't return
And feel our life has taught us
There was nothing more to learn?
Can we forget all sorrows
And only blessings see?
If we can do this—reader
It's well with you and me.

MY CREED

To leave some thought of me behind
To keep my having lived in mind—
Some simple thing, that all may know
I was a friend and not a foe,
To play my little part, nor whine
That all world's honors are not mine;
This seems to be all I need
For my philosophy and creed.

DEAR READER

Now you lay me down to sleep—
I, as given you to keep.
If you, no further interest take,
Remember me for my Dad's sake.

Yours truly,

The Book.